Pacific Theological Seminary

THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

FAITH.

Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft
Like yonder tower built high above the reef;
Steadfast, though tempests rave or wind blow soft,
Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief.

For darkness passes, storms shall not abide;
A little patience and the fog is past.
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide,
The singing flood returns in joy at last.

—Celia Thaxter.

THE PACIFIC

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PREACHING IN RUTS.

Will Carleton, the poet, has written in his inimitable manner of the preacher who illustrated nearly all of his sermons by some reference to things experienced on a trip to Europe. At the first the people crowded out to hear him, quite instructed and delighted. One quaint old farmer is represented as saying:

" 'Twas a picture show, a lecture, and a sermon—all united.
And my wife would rub her glasses, and serenely pet her Test'ment,
And whisper, 'That ere ticket was a splendid good investment.' "

But after six months of this kind of travel he says that they were ready

"To settle down, so's to live more staid and steady,
To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to fret us."

But the preacher willed otherwise, and so the poem runs:

"To view the same old scenery, time and time again he'd call us—
Over rivers, plains and mountains he would any minute haul us.
He slighted our soul sorrows, and our spirits' aches and ailings,
To get the cargo ready for his regular Sunday sailings!

Why, he'd take us off a-touring, in all spiritual weather,
Till at last we got homesick and seasick all together!
And 'I wish to all that's peaceful,' said one free-expressioned brother,
'That the Lord had made one cont'nent, an' then never made another!' "

The many remarks which we have heard of late about the multiplicity of sermons in some pulpits on sociological subjects and the way a large number of people are coming to regard them have brought to mind Carleton's poem. We have no doubt that there are preachers who are giving to their congregations too many sermons of this kind important though they are at times.

A member of an influential California church remarked in our hearing recently that he did not believe that during the last year the minister in the church with which he is connected had preached a sermon in which there was not considerable that was distinctively sociological, and that more than one-half of his sermons had been on special topics in that field. Applicable here is one of the stanzas in Carleton's poem:

"Sometimes, indeed he'd take us into old familiar places,
And pull along quite nat'ral, in the good old gospel traces,
But soon my wife would shudder, just as if a chill had got her,
Whispering, 'Oh, my goodness gracious! he's a-takin' to the water!' "

During no other period of equal length in the history of our country have the people had poured out to them so much on sociology as they have during the last eighteen months. The magazines have been loaded with it, and largely the books of fiction have dealt with it. Almost countless books on such subjects have been published; and with his own mind thus fed, the preacher has woven it into sermon after sermon in addition to preaching on all the special topics in that field which from time to time press for attention, some of which of course cannot rightly be set aside without presentation.

Several persons were in conversation recently about this rut into which many ministers have fallen in their preaching, and one remarked: "I heard two very helpful sermons last Sunday—one by the Rev. Dr. Henry Kingman of Claremont, California, the other by the Rev. Dr. A. J. Lyman of Brooklyn, New York." Another, himself a pastor, exclaimed in astonishment: "What! are they hereabouts?" "Oh, no," replied the first speaker; "my wife and I remained at home, and I read the sermons aloud. Our minister preaches largely on sociology; he does it excellently. No one can handle a social or industrial question better than he does. But I desired a change that day, feeling somewhat surfeited with sociology. Accordingly I sought it in books, fearing that if I went elsewhere to church I might stumble on exactly what I wished to get away from—so much preaching now being in that rut." Asked to give an idea as to the nature of the two sermons it was stated that the one by Dr. Kingman was on "Life Through Victory," and the thought was that if men could choose their own way in life they would never grow into those divine qualities of strength and steadfastness and ministering helpfulness which are won out of the battle. The sermon by Dr. Lyman, he said, was on the subject, "Better to Carry than to Leave." And the text was from the story concerning the man healed of palsy who at the command of Christ took up that whereon he lay and carrying it walked to his home. And the aim of the sermon was to show how the insignia of failure could be turned into implements of victory; "that human nature includes forces which God never relinquishes to the devil; that men lose their own grip on God, but no man ever quite loses God's grip on him."

A few months ago there was a change in the book world; things sociological had less attention than for some time. A leading New York publisher remarked in November:

"We have by no means given up our interest in sociology. People in America are interested in all kinds of problems—civics, eugenics, economics, everything of that sort. But lately we have had just a bit too much of that sort of reading."

Will our preachers realize this surfeit and swing away for a while? Surely, the question is an important one, for there is no doubt that in some pulpits such sermons are far too frequent. The Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson of the chair of homiletics in McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, a man of many years of successful experience as a preacher, says in his book on "The Ideal Ministry," "The ideal preacher will keep out of a rut in his preaching. He is dealing with souls. And no two of them are ever alike. And therefore he will be kept in no form of public presentation of truth that will make him a one-sided preacher—a preacher with a bulge, leaving half his people unhelped, unmoved, undeveloped, while ministering with acceptance and spiritual profit to the other half."

In an article on "Adaptation," Dr. Johnson gives some good suggestions as to preaching in general, when for instance he says: "Preaching should have constant regard to the differing minds and temperaments in the congregation, if the preacher would feed the whole flock of God. It should not be purely intellectual nor purely emotional, nor purely to the imagination, nor purely in the plain garb of every-day life. Hence, every hearer should expect to like some sermons better than others. If the law of adaptation is observed by the preacher this varying preference of the hearer will be inevitable. Hence also every preacher should expect to get a different judgment from his people as to the worth and fitness of particular sermons. The man the sermon finds is likely to be the man heard from the next time he and the preacher meet. And the varying proof of appreciation should be the best evidence to the preacher that he is meeting the varied needs of his flock."

The tendency with ministers often is to preach the kind of sermon it is easiest for them to preach, and in the way they can the best do it. But Dr. Johnson says: "If he seem to preach only half so well to the intellect as to the heart he will now and then preach to the intellect if there are minds before him craving that form of Truth's presentation." But he adds: "If some dear parishioner says of a certain style of sermonizing, 'That's the preaching for me; stick to that, and you cannot fail to be doing good,' the wise preacher will not 'stick.' He will remember the well-meant counsel, and put it away in his private note-book, and once in a while he will recall the sermon that helped and comforted and proved manna of heaven to that believing heart; and he will try to preach another like it for that same believing heart."

In the attempt to preach to meet the diverse minds and temperaments of the average congregation the minister will find pastoral work a great help. The Rev. Dr. Jefferson said recently in that most excellent little book on "The Minister as Shepherd": "No effective preacher can be a hermit. When a preacher lives an isolated life the note of solitariness reports itself in his sermons. * * It is because men limp and crawl in pastoral work that they often stumble and fall in the pulpit. * * A man cannot be an ideal preacher unless he has a shepherd heart."

But Dr. Jefferson is careful to state that the pastoral work is not merely making calls, that preaching is pastoral work, and that when the pastor goes into the pulpit he takes up one of the shepherd's most exacting and serious tasks. Then the sheep are before him to be fed—" a wide variety of ages, temperaments, appetites and constitutions; and a great variety of food prepared in different ways is consequently demanded."

A few years ago an eminent minister in an address on "The Christian Pastor," having set forth what a man in such work should do, paused and asked, "How can a man do it all?" And his own answer was: "He cannot except as he is a medium for the exquisite mediation of the many-toned Christ."

Every preacher should ask himself from time to time, "Am I feeding the flock? Am I a hireling or a herder and feeder of souls?" His work is the grandest in which man can engage. And always he faces men and women at a crisis. Applicable here are Newbold's lines about the last inning on the great cricket field:

"There's a breathless hush in the close tonight,
Ten to make and the match to win,
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
One hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish love of a season's fame;
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
'Play up, and play the game.'"

A LETTER FROM A PASTOR TO A PARISHONER.

(A member of one of our California churches was troubled because of the thought that his pastor was not preaching the gospel. He wrote him a letter and sent him a leaflet hoping to show him thus what and how, in his judgment, he ought to preach. The courteous but plain and positive reply of the pastor has been furnished us for publication. We give it anonymously, not knowing whether the pastor cared to have his name given and not having time to ascertain, and being desirous of using the article at once.—Editor.)

My dear Brother:

I thank you for your interest in my message and ministry. I am glad to welcome light and leading from all sources. My spirit has always been eclectic. Still I am fairly positive in my own faith and findings. If I am at sea, I am on the high seas of glorious spiritual adventure.

I have read carefully Trumbull's "The Life That Wins," for which I thank you. The book impresses me as sweet in spirit and as instinct with evangelistic passion; but yet as not greatly Christian. The author gives us an excellent and sincere example of the pietistic religious type. But this type is a secondary and not a primary type under the gospel as I receive it. The California Mount Hermon type also is pleasant, and impassioned in its narrow course, but not big and august. I hope I am not lacking in humility when I say that I feel that I have about all that the author has that is good, and then more that is better. I certainly tried the individualistic evangelistic pietistic method; but at length I found peace in larger ways. I have not abandoned these domains of the Christian experience; but I have related them to a nobler and more inclusive Gospel life. The true Gospel prophets of today, in my esteem, are men like Washington Gladden, Chas. R. Brown, Walter Rauchenbusch, President King, Raymond Robbins and Harry Ward. If the latter, who is now on the Pacific Coast, comes your way, be sure to hear him. He takes one to the throne,—God's throne in the new humanity,

where "justice and mercy and good faith" are to reign. Men, like Trumbull and some of the Mt. Hermon leaders in our own State, seem never to have been smitten with the mighty social passion of the Gospel. In fact they do not have the vision which alone can awaken the passion. They do not believe in the great insurgent Christian Democracy that is to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. These men are correct in a narrow round of prescribed proprieties; but they are not creative in the reconstructive crusades of liberty and fraternity in business and the state. Read Raschenbusch's "Christianity and The Social Crisis," and discover with him the new heaven and the new earth which the men of the merely pietistic school never enter. Our Pilgrim Press, of 19 W. Jackson St., Chicago, will send you this book for 60 cents. It is perhaps the one best book for men of the type of our Christian Endeavor leaders of the State work in California. What a wonderful Gospel is ours after we have seen its larger glories through this author's prophetic eyes! I know the men of the pietistic school are happy in a small way. But the really glorious Christian experience comes only with the breaking of another shell. Then there emerges something vastly bigger and better than the snug and smug bliss of the pietist; then is born the true blessedness of the citizen of the Kingdom of God. Read the experience of Dr. F. B. Meyer, the Keswick mystic become a millitant social saint; read his story of how he left the hut on the Jericho road, where he was rescueing occasional wrecked individuals and of how he moved up into Jerusalem where he is now hammering at Caiphas and projecting the new order which will make the Jericho road the King's highway.

We must not cry peace, peace! in our hearts when there is no peace. Subjective reconciliation with God is hardly genuine unless its objective is peace on earth and good will among men in a Democracy of reconstructed society. A world full of merely pious Christians would not be a Christian world. We may need to be awakened out of our contentment, and set at work at the mighty federative tasks of the Kingdom of God. The quest of life is not simply to be happy in a narrow round of pious moods and exercises and "win-one" evangelism (as important as these may be), but it is to build a new heaven and a new earth wherein shall dwell righteousness and brotherhood; it is to bring the glory and honor of the nations into a New Jerusalem, a holy City and a holy civilization of national and international peace. Of course this is an objective for individuals; but it is an adventure for prophetic rather than for pietistic individuals. The Kingdom of God will be a world of individuals; but they will be socialized souls.

"The airs of heaven blow o'er me,
A glory shines before me,
Of what mankind shall be—
Pure, generous, brave and free;

A dream of man and women,
Diviner, but still human;
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the age of gold.

Ring bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples;
Sound trumpets far-off blown,
Your triumph is my own.

I feel the earth move sunward;
I join the great march onward,
And take by faith while living
My freehold of thanksgiving."

(Whittier.)

THE DOORWAY OF TOMORROW.

A Sermon for the New Year by the Rev. Ernest E. Youtz of Pilgrim Church, Oakland.

Text: "Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." Rev. 3:8.

The door that is open before us is at the entrance to a new year. It is the open door of 1913. God opens the doors of the years and no man can shut them. It is as though the new year were a house in which we are to live through the coming year. Whatever is to come to us in these three hundred and sixty-five days will meet us inside the door of this house. We will pass the threshold with mingled feelings of hope and foreboding when we realize that not all who enter on this side will reach the farther door. We cannot know all the year may bring. There is an element of uncertainty as to the contents of the house. No one enters with the full assurance that all the joys and pleasures of life that have thus far been his will go with him through all his stay in this 1913 house. New joys will come to some and added sorrows to others. Few, indeed may we not say no one at all, will leave the house just as he enters it. The impression of the house will remain and be carried on into another year. The habit formed will direct the life of years after. The suggestion received, the inspiration taken in this house, will temper and modify our susceptibility when we leave; 1913 will make its impression on each one who enters her door.

But the door is not an opening into complete uncertainty. If it were merely a gamble we would tremble as we enter. It would be like staking our all on a chance, with an even risk of losing or winning. The years are not a gamble. There is a reassuring element of certainty along with what we feel is uncertain. The door is not an opening from the known into the unknown. There is a reassuring note in the thought that our times are in His hands. As the words of the text indicate, the door was not opened by chance; no blind fate has permitted a door into utter darkness and uncertainty to be swung open before us. God says, "I have set before thee an open door." If the door was opened by God, and set before us, each of us before his own individual door, we have a right to look to God to enter with us. It makes a difference who sets before us an open door.

When we have been buying our supplies from some dealer for years and have found his goods continually and invariably to be of a superior quality, we learn to have a great deal of confidence in our purchases. We feel that we do not need to check his weighing, or inspect the quality of the goods he delivers to us. His character and reputation are a guarantee that all he sells us is good, marketable produce, full weight and up to standard. What he sets before us is reliable. There is a sense of confidence and repose in the knowledge that the open door of 1913 is placed before us by our Heavenly Father.

We shall carry our own light into this house. There may be dark and devious hallways where we shall be brought up unexpectedly by blank walls unless we have our light bright and well trimmed. Our light is the light of an accepted point of view. We shall need to adopt some principle upon which to interpret our experiences this year and every other year. We shall need to remember

that Jesus looked upon every one of his experiences as from his heavenly Father. The bitterest cup of his life he talked over with this Father, and said in intimate conversation with God, "Father, if it be thy will let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." If this cup cannot pass unless I drink it, thy will be done. There is an assurance in this prayer that he looks beyond the simple event in his life and sees the ultimate results. The darkness of that hour for Jesus, when his disciples whom he had asked to wait and pray, had heedlessly and unappreciatively dropped off to sleep, was lightened by his assurance of God's presence in the darkness. The meaning of things, the purpose of the bitter cup, the consciousness that God is expressing himself in us, helps us, lightens our darkness.

We hate to do things unless we know something of why we are doing them. We cannot work contentedly if we do not see any reason for what we are doing. We cannot accomplish much if we work in ignorance of the end of our work. The confidence that was an integral part of Jesus' message was an inner experience, an achieved attitude from which he interpreted all his experiences. We cannot tell just how it comes about but it is possible for us to have a faith in the Almighty that will make us feel that our individual effort is seen of him and used by him. This is the faith in which the Apostle Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." But we say, "We cannot always be thinking of God." It is very true we cannot always be saying, "God is here. God is in this thing." There are a thousand other things we must be thinking about. But there can be a latent consciousness of his presence which is sufficient for every need.

You have seen the child in the room with his mother, to all appearance so engrossed with new Christmas toys or a new picture book that he forgets that he is not alone. But if his mother leaves the room, he drops the toy, shuts the book, and follows her, or waits impatiently for her return, indicating that the consciousness of her loving presence was the background upon which the child enjoyed the toys, and was no less real than if he had been nestling in her arms talking to her.

A like tacit, though intensely realizing consciousness of the divine presence, may so blend with business, duty, recreation, gay and festive scenes, that in word and thought we are just as true to our God-born natures as in church or at the communion table. The consciousness of God with us is the light that we can carry or in part leave behind us as we enter the house of 1913.

If we choose to be prosaic and matter of fact, it is easy to say that the arrangement of the division of the years is only arbitrary and that any other day would do just as well for New Year's day. No one will question the right to pass the new year's day by like any other if the fact that it is arbitrarily fixed is the point in question. It is an arbitrary date. We might easily have some other day than January 1 for new year's day. Some people celebrate another day, but for us this January 1 is our new year's day, and it is a good time to take an inventory of our stock in trade. It is a good time to size up the value of certain principles that we have been trying out during the past year. Now is a good time to make changes in our system and method. A foolish proverb says that the road to hell is paved with good intentions. It would be more true to say that the road to heaven is paved with good intentions. Someone whose attention has been more attracted to the resolutions that are broken, than to those that are kept, made this proverb, and like most proverbs of its kind it contains only a half truth.

I agree that it is not wise to put off our good resolutions until New Year's day and then try to change everything at once, but New Year's day is a good starting point and it is some incentive to feel that we have a clean slate. Here is a marked division of time. We can make the next division better than the last.

I can remember now when I was going to the public school in a little, red, country schoolhouse in Iowa. I used to have a slate upon which to do my sums in arithmetic. When I had wrestled with a problem for some time and failed to get the much coveted answer, which the teacher had in a little key to the arithmetic, and when I had at last covered the slate with a mass of jumbled figures, I always felt that I could do better if I could clean all the figures from the slate and take a fresh start. New Year's day offers such an opportunity. We can pass through the open door and feel that now we have a year that can be lived right. We made so many mistakes in our last that we may have grown discouraged. Here is a new, clean year. In it we will make less errors.

"Every year is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you."

This year 1913 is coming to be a part of our education. The university student finds that in the courses that lead to a degree or a diploma of some kind, there are certain prescribed courses that must be taken and others that are optional; some that can be left out and others substituted for them. There is no substitute for 1913. In our great education of experience this 1913 is a required course. "Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." I can not shut it and no one can close it for me. We must enter the door whether we will or not. It is a prescribed course. This education will go on through this year even though we should prefer to have a vacation. We can sometimes strike from the minutes of an organization some unpleasant lilt that occurs, but the record of this coming year will be ineffaceable. We cannot say: I have taken 1912, and hope to take 1914, but as for 1913 I will not bother about it. It will bring its lessons to be learned, its tasks to be performed, and we will of necessity have to settle down and go to work upon them. Our diploma is to be a character that shall make our earthly life here worth while and shall be our certificate of entrance into a larger life to come. It may be that the markings of this year shall figure significantly in our final standings.

The door that God has placed before us is the door of opportunity. We are to have time and a chance to accomplish many things. A year of twelve months, of three hundred and sixty-five days, of 8766 hours, is time enough to do great things. Handel composed the great oratorio, Judas Maccabeus, in a month. Here are twelve similar months for us to use. Abraham Lincoln wrote his famous Gettysburg speech in a quarter of an hour. Here are 8766 hours opening up before us. Jesus Christ performed all his public ministry in not more than three years. The

time is sufficient to accomplish great things. What we do this year will not be limited so much by the time as by what we are willing to put into the time.

Perhaps none of us will compose a great oratorio or write a second Gettysburg speech. That is not what we have set out to do. But presumably there is something that each of us has in mind, something that we can do if we will. The measure of our success is not so much how great a thing we shall accomplish, as how nearly we have done our best. The test at the end of the year will not be so much, how great a personage am I? as, how much have I grown during the year? The end of the year should find us in pursuit of higher ideals. It should find us stronger to resist temptation. It should find in us a riper faith.

We need not be disappointed if at the end of the year we have not arrived at the character that is our ideal. That may not be. We need not be disappointed if we find that we have made mistakes. Everyone makes them; but we shall have reason to be disappointed if our change of position has not been an advance instead of a retreat, for there will be a change of position. We shall be rightly disappointed if we have gone on making the same mistakes that we have made during the past year.

Our success this year will not be gauged by the largeness of our task. Life is made up of the little things for the most part. The commonplace task is the one that may produce the most character and if it is something that needs to be done, it is as important in its place as the large task. We need to realize somehow that the things we do most of the time are trivial. Frances Havergill expresses beautifully the inspiration that may come from a right interpretation of the multitude of little things that make up life's mosaic. She says:

"Master, to do great work for thee, my hand
Is far too weak. Thou givest what may suit.
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble fair and grand,
And make a life-work of the great design
Which thou hast traced; or many-skilled combine
To build vast temples gloriously planned.
Yet take the tiny stones that I have wrought,
Just one by one as they were given by thee,
Not knowing what came next in thy wise thought;
Set each stone by thy master-hand of grace,
Form the mosaic as thou wilt for me,
And in thy temple pavement give it place."

New Year's day nineteen hundred thirteen, a door of opportunity; opportunity to do great tasks; opportunity to dignify small tasks.

Do the swiftly flying years seem nothing more than arbitrary divisions of time? To you who appreciate the deeper meanings of life they are God's gracious agencies by which he fashions character after the image of His son. We cannot escape their molding power. Like the sunshine and gravitation they ever exert their silent influence upon us. Like swift flying shuttles they come and go, putting in the woof of the finished fabric of our lives. They are dreadful or beautiful according as we see behind them pitiless fate or loving fatherhood. They build us up or tear us down. They destroy or they merely burn out the dross.

Childhood's carefree years when the love of father and mother guards every step of the way, when the world is beautiful and sorrow is an unheard of thing; the later years when we begin to feel within us the working of strange, new forces and the mysteries and potencies of our nature slowly unfold themselves; the college years of happy, trustful, intimate friendships, of contact with libraries, laboratories, and inspiring teachers, of awakening to the delights of intellectual life; the years when we first settle ourselves in a business or a profession and assume our portion of the responsibility for the work of the world; the years a little later with their perils and responsibilities that call for corresponding courage and poise; the years of age when the western horizon is showing its colors and the vision of celestial glories is either dimmed or clarified; what a marvelous workshop for the building of characters is this succession of the years. And all the time God is seeking to direct the process of building. He is ever bringing us some new measure of his truth, ever giving us glimpses into his great plan. And ever and anon he tests the structure we have built as by fire, to the end that we may be strengthened and ennobled.

Nineteen twelve—shall we judge it simply by what we have done? That test may fill us with dismay at the thought of so little accomplished, of so many uncompleted tasks. Shall we judge it by what has come in the way of outward good? Perhaps we have made no addition to our bank account, perhaps we have missed the attainment of much that yields pleasure and profit to others, but when we judge nineteen twelve by what God has done for us in the twelve months now forever gone, by what he has taught us through our mistakes and failures, by the gains in character that have come out of the furnace of affliction, by the comfort and hope and peace that have been ours through quiet, uneventful days and months, by the sense of his goodness and mercy that crowns the year's end, then this old, departing year, in spite of any lack of achievement on our part, seems to us God's blessed crucible in which changes for the better have taken place, changes that could be brought about in no other way.

This point of view affords us our hope and strength as we face another year, its uncertainties, its joys, its discipline. We are on the threshold of the open door and we must enter. We carry our own light; we are choosing the company we shall keep; we are determining the atmosphere we shall breathe during these coming three hundred sixty five days. May we all together and individually make this a year of self-culture, a year of service to our fellow men, a year of comradeship with God. So shall we realize the joy of the Christian life, and the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred Thirteen will be indeed a Happy New Year.

A PASTOR'S NEW YEAR CONVICTIONS.

The Rev. H. A. Jump said to the people of the First Congregational Church of Oakland last Sunday:

With the fresh privilege and new opporunity afforded by the year 1913 let us resolve to deepen within our souls these fundamental Christian convictions:

Our Pattern is the Master, whose life and death and

resurrection teach us that God is love and that He wishes us all to be loving.

Our Hope is in the abiding presence of the Spirit leading us into all the truth, ever giving us life and life more abundantly.

Our Task is to attain for ourselves and then to aid all mankind in attaining the stature of the perfect manhood in Jesus Christ.

Our Faith claims all the good things of this world as gifts from Our Heavenly Father, and reaches forth with sureness to the Life Eternal.

Our Ideal is the Kingdom of God ruling every heart, sanctifying the daily life, stretching forth its blessing to all the nations, until God's will is done on earth as it is done in Heaven.

Our Duty is to pledge prayer and effort, consecrate ability and possessions, to enlist minds and consciences in humble service to our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

THE MESSAGE OF THE PULPIT TO THE PEW.

Rev. Roy H. Campbell.

(The article here given was one of the addresses at the Congregational Conference in Pacific Grove in October last. Mr. I. H. Morse gave an address on "The Pulpit from the Viewpoint of The Pew." Mr. Campbell one on "The Message of the Pulpit to the Pew.")

This is not a debate although the subjects of the two papers are so phrased as to lead you to suppose it might be. Following closely on the heels of "the message of the pew to the pulpit" there would seem to be some direct relation between the two. Knowing something of your eagerness to enter into discussion of the many issues suggested by the message to which you have just listened it seems almost unfortunate that you must send your thoughts out along a far different avenue of interest. We must depart however from the splendid view and wider scope of the last half hour and fasten our attention on matters of more modest import.

If I remember my rhetoric aright your committee has put the subject into the form of a synecdoche. This gives courage to those of us who too often for comfort and the sense of usefulness have to content ourselves with delivering our ordinary message to the pews. It is not the pew however, or the people while they are sitting in the pew whom this message is calculated to serve. It is addressed rather to these same people when they are in working trim. Its suggestions have to do with the attitude and action of the average church-goer in the relationship he sustains to the machinery of the church as it bears on the work and responsibility of the minister.

First, there ought to be held constantly before the man who has anything to do with the business of the church the duty of efficient service. The territory which lies between doing a thing and doing a thing well ought to be kept as narrow as possible. A lofty ideal of church worship is a perfectly proper equipment for anyone, but these rest down not upon qualities which reside in the desire of the heart; they depend upon actual things done with the hands and the feet in the ordinary round of duty. Reverence is connected with the sexton. Books turned up side down in the holders, papers scattered in the pews, the flecks of dust from a late cleaning dancing in the dim religious light all take from the feeling of veneration. When the avenues of expression get clogged there is likely to be a mixup in the output. The devotion of a congregation springs from a social desire to hold before them for an hour the values of the unseen world but it is sadly interfered with when the choir comes in late with the air of a hasty gathering of forces, and a tenth hour preparation of the anthem to be sung. The soul of the Sunday-school is the devoted teacher alive to the religious needs of children. The great qualities to be considered are of the mind and heart. Piety, winsomeness, a love of child nature are all indispensable factors in the makeup of the leader of a class but some of us are coming to believe that there are other items quite as important which do not not bear such high names. Promptness is one, the willingness to spend one hour in hard work on the lesson is another, the rock bottom resolve never to be absent from the working hour without beforehand securing an able substitute is another. These play quite as important a part in reckoning the final results as any other force which operates between the hours of ten and eleven on Sunday morning. They all have to do with efficiency.

The number of dollars put in the budget for the pastor's salary is a weighty matter in the final determination of the worth of a church in a community. But topping this is the actual paying of that salar on the first of the month when the wage is due. When the check arrives on the tenth of the month or the third it does not have the weight of influence on the chief worker of the church forces that it does on the first day thereof. It is a strange thing that this matter of time make so much difference. But all business men by actual experience understand this point. Let a gang of men on the railroad go one day over the allotted time for the pay-check to arrive and he has a demoralized body of workmen on his hands. The same human influence works in the minds of the minister of religion no matter how devoted he may be to cause he serves. This matter rests down upon the efficiency of the finance committee of the board of trustees. It is a matter of looking after the details in a shipshape manner. It depends upon the same principle of operation here as it does in any business.

Those of us who have had to do with committees and individuals possessed with this quality which issues in efficient work can testify to its value in the success of the church. An organist sure as the certain arrival of the hour for work, a treasurer, never neglecting the mailing of the quarterly statements, a superintendent of the Sunday School with every detail on hand needing no urging here and there, a chief usher whose alert eye takes in every need of an arriving congregation, a clerk whose records are as dependable as the constitution of the United States, these make of the minister's task a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

The second quality which the man in the pulpit can urge upon those who are accustomed to occupy the pew is the quality of initiation. The hymn books of a certain church had become dilapidated from much use. They presented an outward appearance of sufficient integrity not to necessitate the purchase of a new set, but inside they revealed

their real weakness. Loose leaves, weakened binding and pencil marks bore testimony to the fact that they had seen better days. There they rested Sunday after Sunday in the accustomed holder. Here was a simple call for the quality of initiation. Someone had it. She saw the relationship lying dormant between these books and a bottle of paste some strips of cloth an eraser, and a number of skillful hands were summoned to bring them together. The next Sunday morning the books presented the same outside appearance of wholeness and their inside did not belie the fact. The piano was some little distance from the light above. The pianist at the young peoples' meeting had to strain to catch the notes on the paper without mistake.

The situation held out an invitation to some one's initiative abality. Shortly a chord hung from the ceiling and on the piano rested a lamp that was not afraid to shine full on the page. These are simple matters enough but when the minister enters the church and finds these slight tokens of care which did not originate in his own brain he takes courage far beyond the actual value of the task itself. The abilty to initiate an enterprise without orders from above is needed in every undertaking. It has a market value in a store or factory but in a church it does such valiant service that many of us reckon it the most honored servant in the household. And how many lines of enterprise there are which can feel the touch of the man who is willing to start something! In the country church it may be the cutting and weeding of the lawn or the cleaning of the eaves against the first rainfall. In the city church where money secures adept workmanship in these lines it may be the far more important service of weeding out the lives of some boys in the limits of the church influence or the leadership of a self organized class in social service. A one man church where the orders issue from the minister alone is likely to be no more lofty than his five feet ten and weigh no more than his one hundred eighty odd pounds. To be really a vital influence in the community its work within and without the walls of the church must feel the impulse of the initative force of a company of people each with his own peculiar contribution.

This initation of work on the part of those who occupy the pews has a philosophy of its own. It never springs from the attitude of those who believe that they are members of an organzation toward which their duty is fulfilled when they have gone to a service once a Sunday and engaged in the arduous task of holding up a song book and lending their attention to a more or less interesting sermon. It gets its impulse from the conviction that the church is a company of people held together by the common purpose of accomplishing certain definite tasks. The impelling motive is the desire to do something which wll count ten in the life of the community. When this is the conviction of the pew holder he is up and about the task of bringing his purpose to pass and the share he does in that work will depend upon his own ability. It may be very modest or it may be a work commanding proportions, but it lies wholly within the active rather than the passive relationship he sustains to his church. The minister would be vitalized anew; it would be again like the infusion of the spirit of Pentecost if every member of his parish would sustain his work not alone by praise or companionship but by going out to do some definite thing on his own bent.

Let me ask finally for an intelligent and sympathetic understanding of the work and purpose of the minister on the part of the layman. Those of you who know me will not think I am guilty of asking that you put your arms about the minister and tell him how much you think of him or send him a pair of slippers on Xmas. The sentimental attitude toward the one who paces ahead in the realm of spiritual realities has no place among well set up men. There should be an intelligent understanding though of the problems he has to face, of the policies he is trying to carry out, and the forces with which he deals on the part of those whom he serves. There are some who take it for granted that the minister has peculiar powers of divination in the spiritual realm which he has acquired perhaps in the laying on of hands. A good many people have a conviction that his blood is thinner than that of other men and does not tingle and respond to the same calls. It is the unchallenged opinion of some of the members of the pews that the minister takes no joy in the ordinary human aspirations because his eyes are fastened continually on the clouds yonder. Let me say that the experience of a multitude of those who have become leaders of religion point in another direction. The minister is equipped with no powers that do not belong to his neighbor across the fence. He has no peculiar physical makeup which renders him less able to enter into the ordinary joys of living in a world of flesh and blood. He has no mortgage on the things of the kingdom of heaven. His insight is won at the same cost of energy and vitality as that of any other man and whatever measure of faith and assurance he possesses he has striven far in the the same field as has one who listens to his reassuring message on Sunday.

This the men of the pew ought to understand and their relation to the minister ought to be shaped with this knowledge in hand. That distant attitude of respect is all very well for the one who lacks reality and can feed the soul on such chaff. The refusal on the ground of his sacred calling to enter with him into wholesale human intercourse may do for the one who needs some prop to his vanity but for the honest minister, who is not entering into any fancy dreams about himself and his work it lacks the sustenance to be found in genuine human relationship. I spent a month in Yosemite valley last year. The kakhi suit and sombrero did not indicate my calling. It was a month of rediscovery in the intercourse with fellow men resting down solely upon common experience. The removal of that atmosphere of false respect was invigorating. I counted for my ability to climb, to tramp, to tell a story, and for nothing else. On the last Sunday evening I lead the service around the campfire, and it ushered in at once the other attitude. The next morning I listened to the output of a life story which was framed up to match properly with what was supposed to be the mood of a minister. Respect for genuine accomplishment ought to be given the minister as it ought to be to any man. A measure of regard is welcomed if it rests on service actually rendered. Any other attitude toward him is tiring and depressing; it hasn't the wholesomeness of an honest relationship.

At the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday the speaker will be the Rev. Henry Atkinson, secretary of the Congregational Brotherhood. The following week the Rev. Joseph Rowell will speak; and on the 20th the Rev. W. W. Willard of San Jose.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE PEACE OF THE WORLD.

President Wheeler Of The University Of California Wr'tes Thereon.

In the New York Times for December 22, President Wheeler writes:

I have read with distinct interest Alfred H. Fried's book, "The German Emperor and the Peace of the World." Mr. Fried is, I am sure, entirely within the truth when he sets forth the German Emperor as the well-convinced friend of peace. Just how far the author may be right in representing the Emperor's present attitude of mind as the result of a gradual development whereby the "War Lord" has been transmuted into a "Peacemaker" I have no accurate means of determining, but it must be remembered that from the very beginning of his reign he has on various significant occasions expressed the hope and purpose that the power of the empire should serve the interests of peace among the peoples of Europe. That he has not been earlier and more confidently recognized as a friend of peace is probably due not only to his evident interest in military and naval preparations, but to the popular misinterpretation of one and another of his favorite dramatic expressions, such as "I and the army were made for one another." The Emperor holds most sacredly a theory of the sanctions and import of his office, which on occasion leads him, when peculiary conscious of the role he is set to play, into expressions which the world misunderstands. But there is one matter of fact which the world cannot misunderstand, though it has mostly overlooked it. He has had at his control during a reign of nearly a quarter century the most powerful and perfect mechanism of war known to history, and he has used it not for war, but decisively for peace.

He does not promise that he will not use it for war. That would only impair its peculiar value, and encourage the elements of discord in Europe. He spends no strength discussing a stipulated limitation of armaments, for Germany, standing in the midst between the Slav and Roman, has a responsibility both to itself and to Europe which cannot accept measurement in terms of the strength ofthe nations about it, whether small or great.

Germany cannot wish for any further annexations of European territory. It cannot afford to disturb the present balance of races and creeds. It does not want any more "sore frontiers"—at least not until the Polish provinces and Alsace are healed.

Germany wants first of all quiet and order in Europe. It is developing its industries, cultivating its soil intensively, keeping its people at home, and finding them food. There is no ground on which it could wish for a war in Europe. On the contrary, it shares with all other European States the need of peace and a husbanding of resources against the day when the peril of the East shall be made manifest. If the great nations of Europe can be made to abstain from war for another half century they are likely then, facing a common danger, to discern a common interest which will establish co-operation, if not federation, in the place of distrust and war.

Germany not only desires peace within Europe, but it has the best of reasons for desiring it in the outer world of the seas. It is seeking a reliable market for its wares in the outer world, a market that may not be suddenly and arbitrarily closed against it. It recognizes that the colonial system as a means of procuring markets is a thing of the past. As a means of giving solidity to its trade relations it proposes to adopt the device of a navy in place of that of the colony.

The maintenance of the peace between Germany and Britain is endangered by the possibility that Britain may refuse to be convinced that this is Germany's real purpose in the enlargement of its navy. Germany's interests lead plainly in the paths of peace. Her industrial prosperity her widening markets, and her fast-spreading merchant marine argue vehemently against war. In war she has everything to lose and nothing to gain.

There will be no war—unless Britain, under the long strain of her suspicions, should intrust herself at some unfortunate moment to the guidance of extremists who believe in striking before Germany attains her full naval strength. Such an unfortunate moment might be created wherever Britain happened to cross the track of Germany's politics—commercial advance toward the southeast--anywhere between the Balkans and the Persian Gulf.

But every well-informed person knows, or by this time ought to know, that the thought of a war with Britain is plainly abhorrent to the Emperor's mind. He greatly admires, as it is plain to all, the sturdy cleanliness of the average Englishman and his common sense. He does not forget that he was the grandchild, and the favorite grandchild, of Queen Victoria, and that she died in his arms. He would evidently value British appreciation. It sometimes seems as if he were nonplussed at the failure of the British people to understand him, to understand his kindly disposition toward them, and to take him at his word. They interpret his utterances regarding friendly relations as mere formal diplomacy. He means them precisely as he says them. Others may talk lightly for effect, but he, like the Hohenzollerns before him, must hold himself responsible to a higher power for the things he says and the promises he makes. The famous Daily Telegraph interview, for instance, caused much bristling and ruffling of feathers, but no one has pointed out a single thing therein that was not absolutely true. All the pussy-cat diplomatists deplored its expressions as painfully unfortunate and murderously indiscreet, but no one can point to any permanent injury which any good cause has received thereby. On the contrary, the knowledge that there is plain truth being spoken, and that there is likely betimes to be more spoken, begets confidence among the sons of men. The Emperor's word has not lost power by its openness; it has gained.

To the outside observer it is the chief wonder that the people of Britain have been so slow to recognize that the Emperor is their best friend in Europe, and the next greatest wonder may well be that he has not been more noticeably rebuffed by their slowness. The present situation in the Balkans puts his friendliness both toward Britain and toward the cause of peace to the sorest test. Austria and Turkey are by the formal relations of diplomacy his nearest kin. To the four orthodox allies Britain inclines to allow the full fruits of victory at the cost of Austrian and Turkish interests. So the political rift snaps suddenly out between England and Germany. If the conflagration is to be held within present bounds, it must be the Emperor's work through his hold upon Austria and the prestige of his power and position in Central Europe. No friend of peace can justly regret that Germany to-day stands strong in the midst of the European map, and no one, I think, will in the future, so long as the Emepror lives, have occasion to regret it.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Beginnings at Asp'nwall.

Here I am in Aspinwall, but why am I here? I went to Panama, believing I was sent by God. It was self-denial and sacrifice to go there, but the prospect of laying foundations of a large and blessed work there was reward enough for the sacrifice, and I reckoned that a very painful and abbreviated life would do more for Christ's kingdom than would a longer life in an easier field. All my expectations for that field have proved unfounded—did I make a great mistake in going there? In one sense, no; for some men have been saved there, and of these some are still living who are doing, and will yet do, large work for Christ. If this was to be all of my life, I should not have lived in vain. But I am sure that this is not all that God had for me to do. This more than average physical vigor and endurance, and this longing for large results were not given me to be snuffed out like a half burned candle. Surely my work is yet before me. Is it here in Aspinwall? It seems to me unlikely. This will not be likely to prove the great seaport that we used to think that Panama was bound to become. At least, so it now seems. My reception here is flattering. My predecessor here was unfortunate in not being popular with any class of the people, and my occasional exchanges with him had won some favor for me, and the fact that I am in with the railroad managers tells for me, too, but all this weighs little—it may all change in a little while. The question is, Is my life work here? It does not so seem to me. I seem to be in transition. I think that God has some other work for me to do, and that I shall know, by and by, why he sent me to this out of the way and comparatively barren field. But here I am, in his providence, and while he bids me stay here, I will do what I can for him and for the souls of men.

I remember that soon after beginning my work in Panama I was oppressed with like doubts about my work there, but when souls began to come to Christ, and especially when some influential men were won, those doubts measurably vanished, and so it may be here; but unless some larger results than these shall follow, I shall not feel that this was all that God intended for me. So then I will rest in the Lord and wait patiently for the revelation of his will, I will stay here till he bids me go.

My first Sabbath in Aspinwall was a broken and unsatisfactory one. The steamer from New York arrived just in season to prevent my holding a morning service, since everybody was otherwise engaged, but I was resolved to do **something** in my line. In the evening I got a negro to carry my melodeon to the principal hotel, and asked the landlord to let me hold a service there. He did not object, but did nothing to aid me. I took my instrument to the balcony of the upper (2nd) story, but when I tried to play it, found that the man who carried it had got it out of order. I went down to the barroom for a needed tool and got it fixed so that it would make music. As soon as I began to play the crowd rushed up stairs, and crowded the place, but when they learned the character of the "show" the rowdy element sifted out, the better class sifted in. At first all were standing, but many went to their rooms for chairs and so half seated and half standing, we spent a short hour in the best kind of worship for there.

"Heaven came down our souls to greet
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

I have preached in all sorts of corners and out of the way places, but rarely have I more felt the presence and aid of the Spirit than on that balcony, with the drunken and blaspheming crowd below, and the intensely earnest and tearful throng pressing on me there above. A few Christians got about me after the service, thanking God for the joy of his worship in those purlieus of hell. The devil tried to break up our initial Sabbath but he was beaten and God was victor.

For a few weeks I preached in the Washington House, the audience being small, composed mostly of railroad officials and employes, but after a while I got the use of a vacant house belonging to the railroad company, and had the joy of growing congregations, composed largely of townspeople and strangers. At first no ladies attended, though there were a dozen who ought to have come. Their excuse for not coming was that they dared not. The breath of slander was so rife and foul that they could not go without proper escort. I knew that this was a mere excuse, and planned to check it. I asked them to attend a singing meeting at my room, which they were glad to do—escorted properly. At first we sang secular songs, merrily, and then I got them to sing the hymns we were to use in the next Sabbath's worship. They found themselves my choir, and after that I had them present, officially, with their escorts—thus a double gain was made.

A Bit of Modern History.

Some one has sent me a copy of the "Assembly Herald," from which I learn that spiritual matters on the Isthmus have changed quite as much as secular, since I was there.

In 1864 a church building was erected in Aspinwall under Episcopal auspices.

In 1882 Bishop Taylor organized there a Wesleyan Methodist church which survives with a good congregation, mostly of Jamaica negroes.

The Seventh Day Adventists, Christian Mission, and Salvation Army, also, have work well in hand. All this work is for negroes, with a sprinkling of whites attending. The supervision is by white preachers from England and the United States with some colored helpers.

The whites in the Canal Zone are cared for by our Government. The Isthmian Canal commission employs nine regular chaplains, each one officially connected with the staff of a hospital, all the wards of which he visits daily. These chaplains are two Roman Catholics, three Baptists, two Episcopalians, one Christian, and one Presbyterian. Nine church buildings have been erected, and regular religious services are maintained. All this the Government does to secure good order and sanitation among the canal employes. The services are not denominational, but are rather "a loose Congregationalism."

Then the Y. M. C. A. have a number of well equipped and well conducted stations, which are very popular resorts. As all this governmental work is for the army of men employed in canal work, it follows that when this great work is finished, and only so many foreigners as will be needed to care for canal control are left there, most of this spiritual work will cease.

As to work for the natives, the Methodists have a mission in Panama, with an English and a Spanish congregation, and a school of fifty pupils. This ought to be a continuous and useful work.

All this does not show that I made a mistake in going to that country sixty-one years ago, or in leaving it eight years later, and I am sure that the hundreds of Spanish Bibles and Testaments that I put into a great many families and some schools will prove to have been a considerable factor in redeeming the land. My going and leaving were of God's direction.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Ferndale.—Rev. Kimball Kent Clark has received a call to Vine Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Mr. Clark was formerly pastor of Vine Church when a severe nervous breakdown caused him to seek a change of climate. The church has granted Mr. Clark netil next April, before taking up the work, in case he will accept the call.

San Mateo.—The work at San Mateo is progressing under the leadership of the Rev. G. W. Blair. Since he entered on the pastorate 45 have been received into membership, 27 on confession. The church and parsonage have been repaired at an expenditure of $800.

Loleta and Alton.—Sunday evening before Christmas a special service was held at both Loleta and Alton churches. At Alton the little church was beautifully decorated and appropriate music was rendered by the newly organized choir that would have been a credit to a much larger place. At the close of the service a purse containing $10.60 was presented Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker. A Christmas tree and entertainment was given by the Loleta Sunday School to a large audience. A hand-painted china plate was presented to Mrs. Shoemaker by the Sunday School in appreciation of training the children. There is a steady increase in attendance and interest in this school.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. and Mrs. O. L. Corbin of Likely have been spending a few days with San Francisco friends.

The Rev. C. C. Cragin, whose home is now in Santa Rosa, is available as pulpit supply in this part of California.

The choir of Plymouth Church, Oakland, made an automobile tour of the city last Sunday afternoon and gave a brief program of Christmas music at the hospitals and at the county infirmary.

The Rev. Henry G. Bissell, who has been in the American Board missionary work in India for several years, passed into the other life a few weeks ago. He was a brother of the Rev. Frank A. Bissell of San Lorenzo.

WASHINGTON.

Monroe.—The Rev. and Mrs. M. A Frost have gone for a visit with relatives in California.

Seattle—Sunday morning, Dec. 29th, Rev. Wilfred Withington announced his resignation from the pastorate of Keystone Church to take effect on March 31st. Mr Withington came to Seattle four and a half years ago. About the same time Keystone Church was received into Congregational fellowship. At that time there were thirty resident members, ten of whom are still on the field. The Home Missionary and City Extension societies assumed one-half of the first year's salary of the pastor. During the first two years the capacity of the building was doubled and the church came to complete self-support. The Sunday-school and social rooms have again been outgrown and the church has an additional lot and enough cash in hand to again double the capacity of the whole building and more than double it's attractiveness as soon as the Building Society is able to give a boost. There has been an average net gain in membership of about twenty-five for each year, mostly by confession. The shifting nature of the population has of course worked against a net gain. Keystone has never had a really "well-to-do" family in its congregation or constituency, so that it's contributions have always been a little from the many rather than much from a few. It is characteristically a "working" church, with an efficient Sunday-school, two live Christian Endeavor societies, a remarkable Ladies' Aid, and a larger proportion of men and boys working in the church than in any other of our churches in Seattle. Mr. Withington was married in June, 1911, to Mary Fairbanks Jewett of the family of Rev. Henry E. Jewett, well known about San Francisco bay. Before entering active work again Mr. and Mrs. Withington hope to spend some months of rest and study at the Jewett ranch near Vacaville; possibly later attending the meeting of the National Council and visiting Mr. Withington's relatives in the Middle West.

A REMBRANCE FROM OREGON.

Along with members of the Congregational Church of Hood River, Oregon, and others, The Pacific is in receipt of the following:

"Voluntary Bond Of Friendship."

Be it remembered by this token of appreciation, that you, "The Pacific" having crowned our year with loving kindess and having contributed so largely to our well-being and good fellowship, in consideration of your acceptance of this further sign of friendship,

We hereby pledge, to you the best our hearts can give, to have and to hold forever, and cause you to share and enjoy with us the hope and prayer that the coming year will hold for us our heart's utmost desire, and we do hereby make and execute this our bond for the faithful daily performance of the same.

Done in Family Council, at Hood River, Oregon, Christmas Time, A. D. 1912.

Your Friend in Riverside Manse,

EDWARD A. HARRIS, Scribe.

THE RECITAL OF THE BOOK OF JOB AT CAMPBELL.

The Recital of the "Book of Job," given by Mrs. James Hazlett at the Congregational Church at Campbell on the evening of Dec. 17th, was a direct outcome of the Annual Conference at Pacific Grove, the delegates from Campbell returning from the Conference with the enthusiastic determination to bring that part of the program to their people at home. It is expected that the result of the noble and lofty interpretation of a part of the sacred scriptures will be to create and stimulate a taste for Bible study in many hitherto blind to the pleasure and value of such study. The recital by Mrs. Hazlett was listened to with close attention by a large and cultured audience, drawn together by the well planned publicity given the occasion by the Country Woman's Club, under whose auspices the recital was given. A short program of sacred music preceded and formed a setting for the sacred poem.

GOOD CHRISTMAS NEWS.

At Oroville on Friday evening, Dec. 27th, at the Chinese and Japanese Mission House, in connection with a Christmas festival, five Japanese were baptized, preparatory to their reception to the Congregational church. Bright young men they were and sincere, as all who know them well assure me.

At the Sacramento Chinese Mission after a Christmas festival on Saturday evening for which the Mission chapel had been most tastefully and brilliantly decorated and at which a cantata involving greatly varied action and fine singing was rendered, so far as I observed, without a single hitch or flaw, we gathered on Sunday evening for a Christmas service, at which three Chinese young men were baptized and the Lord's Supper was administered. These, with seven others previously baptized, ten in all, are to be received to the Congregational church next Sunday on confession of faith. W. C. P.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE MODOC INDIANS.

Christmas was a joyful time for many of the Indians both old and young, near Likely, Cal., where we have been laboring for more than a year. The Christmas tree which we had for them was the first that many of them had ever seen.

We prepared a short program, consisting of Christmas songs and recitations by the Indian children, which was very interesting and well rendered. The account of the birth of Christ by Matthew was recited by an Indian boy about fourteen years of age.

After the program presents were given to all the Indians present, old and young. Many of the gifts received by the children were those sent in answer to letters written Santa Claus which were published in The Pacific a few weeks ago.

We wish to thank the good people who acted as Santa Claus in sending the gifts to gladden the hearts of these Indian children. Some were not received in time for the Christmas tree but I assure them that they will be distributed among the needy ones. We are working under the direction of the American Missionary Association and in every particular feel that this is a grand, noble work, and should receive the hearty support of every true Congregationalist.

Since the burning of the building in which we held our religious services, mention of which was made through The Pacific not long since, we have held our services in a small Indian cabin which is far inadequate to the attendance. We are planning to rebuild but on account of shortness of funds we fear it will be some time before we have a suitable building in which to worship.

O. L. CORBIN, Missionary.

SUNDAY CLOSING LAW.

The Weekly Rest Day League, under the direction of the Central Committees, will have a bill introduced in the California Legislature which convenes January 6th, setting aside Sunday as a day of public rest. A similar bill will be introduced in the Oregon Legislature. It will be as drastic as the sixteen godly-minded men who constitute the two State Central Committees consider will meet the approval of the majority of the members of the Legislature who will decide its destiny.

It will close on Sunday all saloons, grocery and dry goods stores and all other stores of every description except those provided for as necessary to the public welfare; all butcher and barber and bake-shops and other shops not required by public necessity; all business and professional offices, all mills and factories and mines, and all employed labor in every avocation of life excepting what can be justified on the ground of necessity, mercy or charity; and one day of rest during the week for all employed in the necessary work of Sunday. It is a weekly rest day measure for all employes of labor and Sunday closing of all unnecessary business and wage work and is more drastic in its rest day features than is the Sunday law of Massachusetts, the home of Puritanism. The law will prove a blessing to multiplied thousands of homes and a general uplift to the social and moral standards of the State.

The Church has a capital opportunity to demonstrate her friendship to the rights of business and labor, to employer and employe. The Retail Grocery Clerks' Union, the Butchers' Exchange and Butchers' Unions, representing proprietors and employes, the Bakers' and Barbers' Unions and others are co-operating with the Weekly Rest Day League for the passage of this bill. The Committees appeal to the pastors and churches, their co-workers, to have resolutions adopted in the ministerial unions and congregations, urging the passage of the "Sunday Rest Bill" and to send copies to all the members of the Legislature from your district. Also to get similar action on the part of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and women's clubs of various kinds. Likewise to urge upon all voters of both sexes to send individual letters to their representatives in both houses. A number could sign the same letter. The Seventh Day Adventists will work day and night in their fanatical delusion to defeat the bill. Will its friends do as much to secure its enactment? The King's business requireth haste. WEEKLY REST DAY LEAGUE.

Berkeley, Cal.

PASTORS AND CHURCHES OF IDAHO.

You have what the Circuit Court at Portland, Oregon, pronounced to be the best Sunday law known to the Court, and which the Judge recommended as a model law for the Legislature of Oregon to copy. But the foes of the Lord's Day have weakened the law by amendments and have attempted to secure its repeal. Doubtless they will renew their attacks through the present legislature. It behooves

the friends of the Sababth and of good government to send protests to their representatives in each house against any such action and to request that the law be broadened in its application to cover all unnecessary Sunday business and labor and to provide one day of rest in seven for all wage earners. These suggestions come from the author of the original bill. G. L. TUFTS.

Berkeley, Cal.

The Home.

THE ART OF LIVING TOGETHER.

If people were all Robinson Cruscoes, each of them living alone on an island with not even a man Friday for company, it would be quite unnecessary to discuss the art of living together. But that stage of social life when men were even measurably isolated and sufficient unto themselves has gone by forever. Not yet has America reached such a congested condition of population as exists in China, where it is said to be impossible to get out of the sight of a living Chinaman or the grave of a dead one; but at any rate, it is increasingly an exact use of words to describe the civilized world as a great social body, where if one member suffers all the other members suffer with it. The art of living together, therefore, which first appeared when men began to group themselves into families and tribes, becomes in modern times an art whose cultivation becomes more and more important.

One of the most difficult problems that faced the makers of bicycles was how to reduce the friction of the wheels upon the axles, so as to make riding a pleasure instead of hard labor, and the problem was solved by the use of ball bearings. Now the problem of reducing friction is also essentially the problem to be solved by those who would live together harmoniously whether in the family in the church or in society. Dr. Parkhurst tells how he was one day riding in a street-car, the door of which squeaked horribly every time it was opened and closed. Finally a man in the dress of a loborer arose, took a small can from his pocket and poured a drop or two of oil upon the offending part of the door. He remarked, as he sat down, "I always carry an oil-can for doors like that." Wherever a group of people is found living in the spirit of this man with the oil-can, there the art of living together finds worthy illustration.

A story is told of some monks who desired to lead an especially holy life, and who withdrew to a forest and there built a home for themselves. One of the monks had a violent temper and used to fly into a passion upon the slightest occasion. But he always excused himself by blaming the other monks. Finally he decided that if he wished to lead a self-controlled life he must live alone, and accordingly he struck off into the densest part of the forest and there built a home for himself. One day, when he had filled his pitcher with water, he set it down so caressly that it tipped over. Snatching the pitcher up he filled it again, and set it down, and again it tipped over. A third time he filled it, and a third time it tipped over. Then in a passion he seized the pitcher and flung it upon the rocks. As he stood looking at the fragments his anger began to cool a little, and the thought came to him that the cause of all his trouble was in his own heart. So he went back to his brother monks, confessed his sin and reentered the community life.

If any man, like this quick-tempered monk, finds it difficult to live pleasantly with other people he ought to examine himself to see if he is not to blame. Even if the irritating corners are unmistakably another's, it is always possible to soften the contact. When a vessel is coming into the wharf the sailors often let down bumpers to relieve the shock ofcontact. When association with people of an irritating sort is necessary, then is the time to put some sort of a bumping cushion in place.

By those who would win skill in the art of living together, four qualities of character ought to be cultivated: respect for others, courtesy, patience, and a willingness to yield their rights. "Respect the burden," said Napoleon to one of his officers, as he stepped from his path to give an aged and heavily burdened woman the right of way. To live pleasantly with people it is necessary not only to respect their burdens, but to respect the people themselves. Each man's personality is a holy of holies, which should be treated with the utmost reverence. It makes no difference about the wealth, social position, or education of people, it is their simple manhood or womanhood which demands respect. The friction which is named the labor problem is very largely due to the failure of employer and employee each to respect the personality of the other. The so-called servant problem is very often nothing but the failure of the mistress to respect the personality of her maid. All treating of people as things or tools instead of as spiritual beings worthy of all respect is a violation of the laws of the art of living together.

In the second place, artists in living together must courteous. There is, of course, an intimate relation between respect and courtesy. Some one has said that Emerson's fine manners were the result of his always respecting the personalities of those with whom he came in contact. Courtesy is respect in operation. According to a quaint old legend, the monk Basle died while under the ban of excommunication by the Pope, and was sent in charge of an angel to find his place in the nether world. But his genial disposition and beautiful manners won him friends wherever he went. The fallen angel adopted his manner, and even the good angels went a long way to see him and be with him. His inborn politeness and kindnes of heart seemed to change hell into heaven. Courtesy always has this magical power, modulating discord into harmony.

The art of living together also demands patience. It is not at all difficult to get along with people who are sweet and gentle and thoughtful and unselfish; anybody can get along with such people. But not all people are of that sort. There are disagreable people in the world, people who are thoughtless, and selfish, and easily offended, and to get along with people of that sort requires patience. In case of a severe burn, doctors dress the wound with oil and wrap it up carefully from the air. This treatment soothes and heals. And an oil dressing for a burn is like the effect of patience upon the irritations of social contact. But supose a man after he had been burned should proceed to apply a mustard plaster to the blister. He is like the impatient man who aggravates every social wound by the impatience he allows himself to feel.

Once more, if people are to live together harmoniously there must be concessions made. For instance, in the last national election millions of men voted for the defeated candidate, but with the announcement of the result of the

election, the minority yielded the siuation. The minority yields its rights to the majority for the sake of a harmonious national life. In all the affairs of life, in all the relations of men, differences of opinion must appear. Compromise becomes a necessity. Each party to a difference ought to yield something. But if one will not yield and something must be done, and if no question of right and wrong is at stake, then the generous and high-minded man will yield his rights because he is a master and not an amateur in the fine art of living together.—James E. Russell.

THE LITTLE ROOM.

"I've put you in here, dear. The spare room was not ready. Do you mind?"

"Why, of course not," answered the daughter, cheerfully—she was home after a long absence—"I love this little room.

Her journey had been tiring.She slept well, and woke early to find the sun shining and to hear the rooks cawing; their great black wings darkened the window.

Just to look round the little room carried her back fifteen years. The furniture was still almost the same. There was the mirror that had once reflected her as a blue-eyed maiden of ten with hair in long plaits tied with red ribbon. The same pink and white ware stood on the washstand. How she had loved to look at its gay pattern of garlands when washing her hands. Over the window hung a text. Over laborious stitches she had worked it on a huge card in red wool. Its original destiny had been the spare room, but it had proved too hideous in contrast to that dainty apartment's delicate art shades.

The little bookcase on the wall held many of the books she had read and enjoyed as a child. On the top of it stood a tin money-box—a soldier with a gun. If a coin were placed on the gun and the soldier's foot gently pressed, the money was shot into a hole in a tree, from whence it fell into the bank beneath. It used to be thrilling to watch the performance. But the one disadvantage of the box was that it was so easy a matter to get the money out. And this, from a saving standpoint, was a distinct disadvantage.

She looked at the walls. There was a new paper now—a pale shade, striped, with tiny roses. The chintz curtains matched the pattern. In the olden days the paper had been green, with wonderful blossoms that wound their way upward from floor to ceiling. These were gone now. She regretted it, for she had pleasant recollections of that paper. She could remember the time when, after two successful terms at school as top scholar, she had been anxiously working for her final pass. A difficult arithmetic examination had "floored" her, and, angry at her failure, humiliated but not humoled at her low position, she had rushed to her own haven—the little room—flung herself on the bed, and lain there for serveral hours, her elbows digging into the pillow, her eyes tracing those weird green blossoms on the wall. She had not cried—she had rarely cried as a child. But she had fought with herself, and she had arrived, at the end of her tussle, at two conclusions. One was that no one should see that she cared; she would brave it out and laugh at her failure.

And then she had turned again to the wall and the green blossoms. She had watched them. Her eyes had followed their turnings and twisting; they went on and on till they reached the top. Why should she not do the same? She would. She would win yet. Her failure should not hinder her; it should help her to something higher.

A special prize essay was offered yearly at her school. She was under age for it. Never mind; she would compete. Her composition and English were good, she had been told. What matter that she was merely a fourth-form girl? All the more honor to her if she succeeded. If she succeeded? She would succeed. She would say nothing to any one, but she would send in a paper. She did.

It all came back to her now. First, the failure and then later the victory. It was a big surprise to the school that she should have beaten the sixth-form girls—all of them, of course, her seniors. It was a glorious achievement. She remembered the crowded town hall at the prize-giving, the natural pride of her own people, the words of the headmistress. She had taken her honors lightly. Her success was not a surprise to herself. She had meant to win. She had won. And the seeds of ambition had been sown in her heart. When she grew up she would write—books that people should read and praise.

Something else came back to her, too. The visit of a friend of her father's—a learned old professor. How she had loved to hear him talk! He had been fond of children, and had grown interested in the little girl. She had chatted away to him and asked for his explanation of many a problem that had puzzled her. He had liked the eager inquiries of his small questioner. Her father, pleased at the professor noticing his daughter, had encouraged her to talk. That evening was one of the happiest she had ever spent—it stood out as a red-letter day. When bedtime had come—all too soon—the professor had asked her to kiss him. She had done so shyly; for though not demonstrative she was affectionate. And the professor understood. He had turned to her father. "She has the heart of a child," he said. "Bless her! And," he had continued, "she has the mind of a man in the body of a wowoman. God help her to rule her heart, to use her mind, and to reverence her body."

They were strange words, perhaps. The professor probably soon forgot them. But not the girl. Many a night had she lain in her bed in the little room and thought about them. She was thinking about them now.

That night she had written on the back of a picture she had taken from the wall "H. M. B." The initials stood for Heart, Mind, Body; and below, as time went on, she had added her own record of the progress she considered she had made. Ten was full mark. Yes, the letters were there still. No date was given, but each entry was apparently a day's record. The Heart figure was low when she had worked hard; she had enjoyed her studies, and her own record was probably fairly correct. The figures under Body were the lowest; she had often worked her mind at the expense of her body, and had read long into the night when she should have been sleeping.

She put the picture back, carefully, tenderly. "Time is a sacred thing," she said quietly, "when it has gone."

The girl—a woman now—was thinking of her present position. She speaks weekly, through the medium of the press, to an audience numbering over one hundred thousand. Her first book is, for a writer still comparatively young, a brilliant success. The world calls her "exceptionally fortunate."

What was the starting-point of her career—her initial inspiration?

A wall-paper covered with green blossoms.

And what always encouraged her in her early days, in spite of frequent failure and keen disappointment?

The stray words of an old professor that had riveted themselves on a child's mind.

Is there anything in the whole world more wonderful than "beginnings" I think not.—The Young Woman.

NELLY'S ADVENTURES IN SMOKELAND.

Little Nelly sat before the wood fire in her grandfather's house watching the wood burn with great red and yellow flames, and wondered where the smoke went. She knew it went away up the chimney and out into the air, but she wished she knew what it was for and what it did. Suddenly a tiny-face appeared and smiled at her. It was the face of a little old man in gray, and she had hardly noticed it before out came his body and he stood on the tiles and bowed to her very low.

"I am the king of Smoke," he said proudly, his cap with its long gray tassel in his hand. "And I came from my palace to see if you did not want to come up and visit me."

Little Nelly clapped her hands and said she should love to go. "But, oh, dear!" she cried, "I am too big to get into your house!"

The tiny old man smiled and held out his hand, and the minute she took it Nelly shrank to a tiny little girl no bigger than he. She felt as if she were a doll and laughed delightedly because she was so very small. The little man helped her climb up the fire tongs away from the hot fire, and then led her to some wee steps in the bricks, steps so very small that she had never seen them before when she was just an ordinary little girl.

They went up the wee steps, all shiny and red and spotted with black, up, up, up, till they came to a little red door. The little man knocked on the tiny red door, "Knock, knock, knock, knocky-knock, knock!" until it was opened by a funny little servant with a hump on his back. He, too, was dressed in gray, and he bowed low and said, "Enter, master."

The tiny hall was lighted with candles and covered with a soft black carpet, and there were curtains at the door. The first room they came to was all hung with curtains, too—curtains of gray smoke that waved and moved as if they were blown by the wind. Little Nelly liked them, for they looked like gray velvet and were as soft as her mamma's gray furs. The little man pushed the curtains aside and they passed into a great room filled with chairs and tables and books, and piles and piles of letters. There were so many letters that little Nelly asked the king if they were all his.

"I must explain to you," he said, "that the only things I have are the things my servant Smoke brings up to me when you people down there below burn them. My servant brings me the things on his way out of the chimney to look for more. I have servants everywhere, and the reason I have so many letters is that people everywhere burn more letters than anything else. And mighty interesting they are, too. I read them all."

The chairs and tables, he said, came from houses that burned on the Fourth of July, when a great many pieces of fireworks came to him, too. He had so much coal and wood he did not know what to do with all that Smoke brought him, but he did wish, he sighed, that people would burn more clothes so he could dress better.

"It's only when a clothing store burns that I get anything," he complained. "People are so stingy that they never burn their clothes unless they are so worn out they are no good to me."

After little Nelly had looked at all the books and the toys and the other interesting things, her queer host showed her the trees in his funny gray yard.

"I get lots of trees," he said, "really more than I want, but I have never had a garden. My servant Smoke says he has tried to find one, but he never heard of anybody burning up a garden the way they do leaves. He is a very good servant, and he brings me things the moment they are burned up. The reason I came to live in this chimney was because he was the best of my servants and I liked this big room. They don't build such nice chimneys nowadays.

After a while they went out to dinner, and Nelly found very good things to eat spread on a big table. The king of Smoke explained that exceedingly nice biscuits and all the good dinner came from the houses where the cooks were careless and burned al the things they tried to cook. There was lamb and chicken and plum pudding and strawberry shortcake, with lots of other things, all with a funny little taste like the taste of smoke. Nelly asked the old servant for a glass of water, but the king of Smoke shook his head.

"We have no water here," he said. "For water cannot burn, and there is not a thing here that has not been burned. No water, no milk have I nor anything to drink.

Just then Nelly saw an old doll of hers sitting on the mantel and ran to get it. She was very glad to find it again, for she had not seen it since it fell into the fire.

"I want my doll, please," she said politely.

"Your doll?" said the king of Smoke. "That's mine."

"It's mine," protested Nelly.

"It's mine! said the king.

"It's mine," insisted Nelly. "It fell into the fire just a little while ago."

"Which shows it's mine," argued the king.

Nelly did not say any more, but when the king left the room she slid softly, softly, softly, out of her chair and taking the doll n her arms she went tippytoe, tippytoe, out of the room. As soon as she was where she thought she could not be seen she began to run, and ran, and ran through halls and rooms till it seemed as if she was never going to get anywhere. By and by she came to the room with the smoke curtains, which twisted around her feet and held her, and then she knew they weren't curtains at all, but the servants of the king of Smoke. While she was thinking about it she heard the king of Smoke coming along the hall after her, clippity-clip, clippity-clip, and in a minute there he was beside her, trying to take the doll away.

"It's mine," he said.

"It's mine," she corrected.

"It's mine," said the king.

"It's mine!" cried little Nelly, not very politely this time, I fear.

And while she was twisting and pulling to get the doll away, the first thing she knew the little door flew open and they both fell bumpity-bump, bumpity-bump, down the little red stairs cut in the bricks. Down they went step after step, bumpity-bumpity, bumpity-bump, and fell with a very great noise on the tiles.

Little Nelly shut her eyes as they fell, and when she finally opened them again she found herself once more in her chair in front of the wood fire. The tongs had fallen down, but there was no little old man in gray to be seen anywhere, nor any doll, though she looked everywhere very, very carefully.—Emma Lee Walton, in The Continent.

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Registry Clerk—"It is necessary for me to ask the mother of the bride if she has nothing to say before I proceed with the ceremony."

Voice of mother (in background)—"All I have to say is that if I hadn't had a good deal to say already they never would have landed here."

DO FOR YOURSELF!

Do for yourself! Do for yourself!
It sounds a bit harsh, I own;
But 'Do for yourself" is the very best friend
A schoolboy has ever yet known.
"Do for yourself" will lead all the games;
"Do for yourself" leads the class;
"Do for yourself" wins riches and fame,
And a "Yes" from some dear little lass.

Do for yourself, my dear little girl
Do it yourself, and don't fret;
Do it yourself, you will conquer, I know;
Don't give up trying just yet.
"Do it yourself!" has a wonderful knack
Of doing a deal in a day;
Do it yourself; at night you'll be glad
You helped your own self all the day.

Do it yourself, young man at life's door,
Questioning what you should do;
Think for yourself! Decide for yourself!
None knows your own self well as you.
Make of yourself the man you would be;
Rouse all your courage and skill!
Do for yourself! Strengthen muscle and brain,
And life is your own at your will.
—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him. "Well, Jones" he said ',I hear that the Lord has smiled on you." "Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!"—Sel.

"Good morning, ma'am," began the temperance worker. "I'm collecting for the Inebriates' Home and—" "Why, me husband's out," replied Mrs. McGuire, "but if ye can find him anywhere's ye're welcome to him."—Ex.

Railroad Attorney—"You are sure it was our Flier that killed your mule? What makes you so positive?"
Rastus—"He dun licked every other train on the road."—Puck.

"What is your favorite flower, Duke?" asked the heiress. "But I ought to know that without asking."
'Well, what should it be?"
"The marigold."—Kansas City Journal.

Husband—"My dear, we'll have to economize."
Wife.—Well, let's cut down on our cigars."—Boston Transcript.

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